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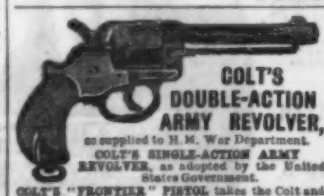

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THEME WITH VARIATIONS.

SEATED to-day at the organ,
Ready to play what you please,
I gaze like an infinite Gorgon,
Till you feel hardly at ease.
Hark to the sough of the bellows
Storing harmonious gales,
When the pipes speak to their fellows—
Well, I will play you the Scales.

Out of this simple material
Music's vast multitude throngs,
Festal and plagal and ferial,
Operas, dirges, and songs.
Here is a clue to unravel,
Here is a theme never fails;
A Switchback unending to travel
Over the smooth-running Scales.

Hark, how we rush up the gamut,
A ladder in fieriest need;
And now, like a hind who says, "Dam ut!"
We play very low down indeed.
Up, like a storm-beaten packet,
Down, and the passenger pales:
Here comes the steward, thro' the racket—
Gaily I play you the Scales.

Off goes the right hand, convulsively,
Up to the manual's end;
Left hand pursues it impulsively,
Like an unauthorised friend.
Fashion's caprices may criticise
Aught of its standard that fails;
Fearing scorn's finger nor pity's eyes,
Boldly I practise the Scales.

This is a wedding march—*trousseau*,
Presents, and favours, and rice;
Now 'tis the Dream of a ROUSSEAU
Changed to a waltz in a trice.
Thus, unencumber'd, indefinite,
Each his own melody hails,
Each sees the hand of a *chef* in it,
Safe in the haven of Scales.

Some may interpret them leatherly,
Thunder of fort and of fleet;
Others will warble them weatherly,
Milkmaid and ferry complete;
Vesperish, cloister'd, and choirsome,
Heimweh with mill-wheels and dales,
Frankly unmeaning and tiresome,
All are embraced by the Scales.

Trade, with its spacious surroundings,
Spices, and bullion, and bales,
Argosies, sinkings, and soundings,
Postage for far-away mails;
Justice with eyes in a bandage,
Fish who are chivied by whales—
Ah, you might live to a grand age
Ere you could play out the Scales.

BRENNUS and Rome, and its history,
Alpenstocks, axes, and veils,
Dragons and creatures of mystery
Swingeing their horrible tails.
Jockey, and boxer, and rower,
Men who climb walls out of gaols,
Butterflies——bother that blower!
He's let the wind out of the Scales!

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Lord Salisbury.—To be more cautious in my expressions, more temperate in my judgments, and generally more reticent all round.

Mr. Gladstone. — To fire away at Home Rule, hammer and tongs, as hard as ever, and keep it up red-hot till an unexpected flare-up somewhere gives me a chance of cutting in, and, by hook or crook, carrying my point.

Mr. W. H. Smith. — To let myself be quietly effaced, and imperceptibly yield my position as Leader of the House to my bland and amiable friend GOSCHEN.

Mr. Goschen.—To gracefully and stealthily eclipse and supplant my revered and respected colleague, Mr. W. H. SMITH.

Mr. Stanhope.—To hit upon some scheme by which, with or without the aid of the Department, I may, within the next ten years, hope to make good the deficiency of guns at the present moment experienced keenly by both the Services.

Lord George Hamilton.—To calm and appease public opinion by a further flourish over fresh "Manœuvres," and to lull Lord CHARLES into quietude by showing him (on paper), what gigantic efforts I am making to put the Navy into proper condition.

M. de Lesseps.—To save my own vanity from disastrous defeat by appealing to the vanity of my fellow countrymen to bolster it up by contributing £20,000,000 for the purpose.

General Boulanger.—To get into the Dictator's chair, somehow, and then watch to see which way the National Cat means to jump.

Prince Bismarck.—To take care that not a halfpenny out of the Imperial Exchequer is wasted over this East African Business, but to see that it is nevertheless backed up by the assistance of my pliant and accommodating friend, SALISBURY.

Mr. Balfour.—To keep the whip-hand of that rascally pack of bloodhounds, the Irish Party in the House of Commons.

The Irish Party in the House of Commons.—To lose no opportunity for yelping, growling, and snarling at that miserable cur, the Irish Secretary.

The Chief Commissioner of Police.—To take care that, now I've got fairly into WARREN'S boots, I don't manage to "put my foot in it" quite so often as he did.

Mr. Irving.—Not to cut short the run of my newly-mounted "*Macbeth*" at the Lyceum, till the public shout to me, "Hold! Enough!"

GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR 1889.

Mr. Punch (to John Bull.) "NOW, JOHN, YOUR FIRST MEM—*AN EFFICIENT NAVY.*"

WHAT! opening your new Diary, dear BULL?
Well, at this special season "we all do it."
Strange things may happen ere that book is full!
One "resolution" make, or you will rue it.
Mems: many will, no doubt, fill the first page;
Things to be done, avoided, altered, mended;
But whatsoe'er to settle you engage,
Whatever 's to be saved or be expended,
Take *Mr. Punch's* most particular "tip,"—
That 'tis a wise one you may take your davy—
The first resolve, never to be let slip,
Should be *this*:—"Mem:—GET AN EFFICIENT NAVY!!!"

"HASHIN." — Instead of going to the Handoub district, our cavalry have gone on an aimless skirmish in the direction of Hashin, a name of ill omen, for we're always hashin' our Egyptian business.

WHO SAID IT?—I don't know, but it is worth recording here. My authority was EDMUNDUS ED. MUNDI. An old stager, *laudator temporis Macreadi*, remarked that HENRY IRVING did not possess the physique necessary for the part of *Macbeth*. "He has SHAKSPEARE's authority for doing without it," was Somebody's reply; "for doesn't he make *Macbeth* himself exclaim, 'Throw physique to the dogs, I'll none of it!'" Lovely! says JACK OUT OF THE BOX.

MEMS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

FOR A DINER OUT.

NEVER to tell *that* story again.

Not to accept an invitation which will involve the necessity of drinking Mr. SKIMPINGTON'S "Champagne."

Not to be tempted to take two helpings of —— (*Here let each Epicure insert the name of his own "particular poison."*)

Not—if I can help it—to sit next to that elderly ogler, Miss FLORENCE DE FRYSKE, again.

If I *do*, not to be drawn into discussing the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?"

Never to mention Mr. GLADSTONE'S name until after the *entrées*, at least.

Not to allow that persistent monologuiser and much-overrated *raconteur*, BOLAIR, to rile me into rivalry, and so spoil both my temper and my digestion.

Never to dine out at all—or, at least, "hardly ever."

FOR A LITERARY MAN.

On no account to be drawn into a Press quarrel.

Never to review a friend's book.

Never to review the book of an enemy.

Decline *all* applications for my autograph, and every request to write my name "and a few lines of any sort" in Birthday Books.

Abstain from even looking at "tall copies," and on no account be beguiled into buying a "first edition" of *anybody*.

Read a little—that is something besides the papers and magazines, French Novels, and Shilling Shockers.

Shun the temptations to "smartness" and "slating."

Resolutely avoid making the most distant reference to *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

FOR AN ARTIST.

Paint no more profitable Pot-boilers.

Make a real start in that long-meditated *Magnum opus* of mine.

Limit my contributions to the Academy "line" to four.

Decline to paint old Mrs. HARRIDAN'S portrait at *any* price.

Shirk Show Sunday.

Refuse to write rambling and egotistical "Reminiscences," for *any* magazine on *any* consideration.

Never be "interviewed" by anybody.

Never write to the papers about anything.

Cut Swelldom and Show Houses, and go in for *painting* once more.

FOR A PRETTY GIRL.

Avoid fishing for compliments.

Appreciate *other* pretty girls, and especially endeavour to see the much-vaunted loveliness of "*that* Miss DIMPLER."

Never kiss another girl except in spontaneous kindness, or for any "bye end," such as looking sweet or aggravating CHARLIE.

Never sneer at "elderly girls," or snub "wall-flowers."

Dance a square dance occasionally, just for the sake of the many who are not "in it" at waltzing.

Avoid "tantrums," even when Papa *is* stingy with cheques, or my ball-dress *is* ten minutes late.

Give up tight-lacing, and *never, never* touch chloral again.

Throw away that private box of cigarettes.

Read some good books, and think of the poor occasionally.

Forget sometimes—at any rate for a few minutes—that I *am* a Pretty Girl.

FOR A POLITICAL SPEAKER.

Never say two words when one will suffice.

Get up my facts and figures more carefully.

Sedulously examine my impromptu epigrams before delivery, to see if they are not two-edged.

Avoid verbal missiles of the boomerang sort.

Never mock to-day what may be uppermost to-morrow.

Never sneer, save at persons who are powerless or sentiments that do not influence votes.

Get up geographical compliments and local flatteries suited to all places and peoples. Take care not to get them *mixed*.

FOR A MIDDLE-AGED PERSON INCLINED TO PORTLINESS.

Get up earlier, and never breakfast in bed.

Go to bed in better time, and never read after getting between the sheets.

Cut cabs, or at any rate limit myself to two Hansoms *per diem*.

Buy a tricycle, and *ride* it.

Always mow my own lawn, weather permitting, and when at my country crib, make a point of chopping a certain quantity of wood before breakfast, like my friend LUCAS.

Always make a point of passing *one* dish at dinner, never indulge in a heavy lunch unless I have had a comparatively light breakfast, and, if I dine after eight, avoid eating a solid supper *until after twelve*.

A GALLANT ATTEMPT.

"HOW THIS HORRID GAS IS FLARING!"

"PRAY ALLOW ME, MRS. JONES!"

Never have more than two helpings of turtle soup, lobster salad, or *pâté de foies gras*.

Avoid bulgy shirt-fronts and buttoned-up frock coats.

FOR A WIFE.

Avoid bothering GEORGE for cheques when I see him scowling over his "*Times*" at breakfast.

Never miss a chance of doing so when I notice him smiling in a self-satisfied way after dinner.

Try and minimise my too plaintive references to "the *dear* children" and their sumptuary deficiencies.

Endeavour *not* to fall asleep when GEORGE reads aloud to me one of GOSCHEN'S "capital" speeches.

Take advantage of any success in this difficult act of self-denial to fix him on the subject of GERTIE'S new set of furs, or our trip on the Continent.

Try and prevent Mamma from putting his back up needlessly, or too often.

Coax him at an opportune moment into cutting that confoun—— ahem!—really very needless and expensive "Mutton Chop Club" which he is so fond of.

Make *dear* GEORGE so comfortable and happy all this year—by above and other means—that next New Year's cheques may be—well, one never knows *what* may happen if good resolutions are really adhered to.

FOR A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

Cut down my Cab fares, and Sodas and Brandies, by Jove.

Cut TOTTIE—if she 'll let me.

Try and take the Guv'nor's tip about horse-racing. (*Forty to one I don't succeed in this, though; his tip being "Never bet at all." Great Scott!!!*)

Drop the Blue 'Un. (*Only, hang it all, what else is there for a fellow to read?*)

Slacken off a bit with some of the Johnnies I know. (*First-rate Sportsmen, but jolly expensive at close quarters somehow.*)

Try and manage with ten suits a year, and fifty cigarettes a day.

Sell my black hack "Beelzebub," and take shares in a Building Society, as Uncle HUNKS wants me to do. (*Uncle H. has the oof, but what is a Building Society, I wonder?*)

ANGLERS TO THE FRONT!

PASSING the other day down Cheapside, I saw the LORD MAYOR in his handsome State Carriage, with his two protecting outriders, in the shape of mounted Policemen, looking as if they had him in charge. He was accompanied by a gentleman wearing a bearskin hat, and armed with a remarkably long Sword, which, I was afterwards informed, was never drawn except in the presence of Royalty, and which, being of English manufacture, was never known to bend under any amount of pressure that its somewhat stalwart Bearer could bring to bear upon it. His Lordship's other companion was a tall young gentleman, of somewhat aristocratic appearance, who carried what is called a gold Mace, which I learned was the very identical weapon with which the Lord Mayor of Walworth slew WAT TYLER, several years ago. Having a leisure hour or two, I followed his Lordship into Guildhall, and found a seat in the gallery of the exceedingly beautiful Council Chamber that the Common Councilmen have lately built for themselves, or possibly for their successors. *Absit omen!*

"Ripe-pear-ian Owners."

The first thing that arrested my attention was the appearance of His Grace the Duke of WESTMINSTER, and some three or four other illustrious swells, who came to ask the City to assist them in securing "North Woolwich Gardens"—well, but not favourably, known, when under the management of "the People's Caterer"—as an open space for the enjoyment of the natives of what was described as the dreariest and most dismal portion of the whole Metropolis. His Grace, with his illustrious friends, were allowed to sit on the dais among the Aldermen, at which they all seemed much pleased, and listened with much apparent respect to all the proceedings. A Member, apparently of the Hebrew persuasion, cross-questioned his Grace as to the probable cost of maintaining the said Gardens when secured as proposed, and which duty the Corporation was requested to undertake, to which his Grace replied "a mere trifle." But his questioner was not satisfied with that reply, observing, as I thought, with great intelligence, as well as courage, that what might be considered a trifle to a Noble Duke, "rich beyond the dreams of avarice," might be a considerable annual expenditure to a Corporation somewhat impoverished by the suspending of the Coal Dues; but his Grace, smilingly observing that a few hundreds a year would be all that would be required, the bold Hebrew sat down satisfied.

After His Grace's departure, a well-dressed young fellow appeared at the Bar of the Court and presented a Petition to which I listened with as much surprise as admiration. It appeared that the Petitioner was, like myself, a lover of the "Gentle Art," and after having for some years past been accustomed to devote his few holidays to fishing in the beautiful upper waters of the River Thames, he had some time since been ordered by a certain Ripepearian owner, as he was somewhat strangely termed,—probably an aristocratic name for a fruit-grower—to cease from his accustomed sport in the neighbourhood, as far as I could understand it, of Messrs. MAPLE AND DURHAM'S well furnished establishment, on pain of fine or imprisonment. The good-looking young fellow had boldly defied the would-be Ripepearian tyrant, and, the law being invoked against him, he had successfully defended his right on three several occasions, but a fourth trial being now about to take place, he, having already expended hundreds of pounds of his own money in defending a great public right, now naturally sought the assistance of the old Corporation to help him to carry on his great struggle. An ancient City Deputy, who announced himself to be a Thames Conservative, supported the prayer of the petition, and explained that the Ripepearian owners of the Thames, strange to say, not content with themselves enjoying the River that flowed past their beautiful Lawns, seemed really to hate the very sight of any of the mere Public who sought to share their enjoyment, and actually claimed to possess its very bed and soil, on the somewhat silly plea that whenever the River ceased to flow, or in other words ran dry, the said bed and soil would then legally be theirs.

The Thames Conservative mocked at their claim, and proposed adjourning all consideration of it until this event happened, at the same time he demonstrated its palpable absurdity by stating that the Conservatives were constantly giving permission to persons to dredge away portions of the bed of the River which were taken away by them and sold, without the slightest notice being taken of the so-called rights of Ripepearians. Besides, even this monstrous claim had nothing to do with the rights of Anglers, as if there were no water of course there could be no fish, and no grasping Sourapplearian had as yet claimed the water.

It was also stated that sometimes, when the patient and contemplative Angler was pursuing his harmless, but exciting occupation, possibly being drenched to the skin by one of those welcome showers which have the strange effect of making fish both hungry and reckless, a fiend in the shape of a Ripepearian would shout to him from the shore to be off; and if, as usually happened, he declined to obey the stern mandate, the fiend in question, who was generally accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog, would throw a stick near the Angler's punt, and send his dog in to fetch it, thereby spoiling all sport for hours to come.

The loud applause with which the Petition was received, and referred to a Committee to consider the whole question, sent me away smiling and happy, and with a higher opinion of the jolly City Fathers than I had previously entertained, which was even increased when I afterwards heard that they had come to the resolution to assist the Petitioner in his great battle of Right against Might, an example which, I trust, will be followed by every Angling Association in the Metropolis.

I got a portion of my information from the City Beadle, who, although armed with the customary Stick of Power, was very civil and communicative to me. JOSEPH GREENHORN.

A NAPLES JOURNAL-IST.

Villa Roccabella.—Here I am at last in sunny Italy! Nasty journey. Heard of Colchester Election just before starting. Depressing, though these occasional deviations from common sense on part of constituencies must be expected, I suppose.

No end of a reception at Station. Made 'em a speech, however. Ended up with "*Evviva Napoli!*" Populace immensely pleased.

Next Day.—Lovely sunshine. Cheering letter from MORLEY, assuring me that Colchester Election due to *local* influences. So I thought. Bulk of Colchester populace intensely Home-Rule, he says: but Unionists had all the public-houses, and drowned natural voice of constituency in floods of gratuitous liquor. If so, the "flowing tide" seems to be with our opponents! Must be in good spirits to joke like this. *Am* in good spirits. Question is—shall I go up Vesuvius to-day, run over to Rome and see POPE, or HUMBERT, or visit Ruins of Pompeii?

Afternoon.—Walk along Posilippo and into town. Gratifying enthusiasm of populace when they see me—especially *lazzaroni*, who are becoming almost a nuisance. No more coppers left. Seem to think, because I've been Prime Minister, I carry the Bank of England about with me. But the "*vivas*" are constant. Must look up local baptismal registers. Am I *quite* sure I was born in Scotland? Feel that at the very least a near ancestor must have been a Neapolitan.

Day After.—Vesuvius? No: reminds one too much of DIZZY'S "*mot*" about the "row of extinct volcanoes." Capri? That's where TIBERIUS lived when he sent the "verbose and long epistle" to the Senate that doomed SEJANUS, isn't it? Hem! Feel almost tempted to imitate TIBERIUS—but who is *my* SEJANUS? HARCOURT? HARTINGTON? On the whole decide to defer Capri visit to another day, as weather rather capri-cious. Fancy that "*mot*" cuts out DIZZY'S, though *I* don't profess to be a humorist.

Third Day.—To-day feel much friskier; so shall go over to Ischia! (DIZZY nowhere again!) Delightful island, except for occasional earthquakes. A good way from Italian mainland, so certainly ought to have Home Rule! Ask Syndic if he wouldn't like a Local Parliament? Syndic says "earthquakes bad enough, but a Parliament would ruin the island." Asks me not to mention the idea to anyone. Evidently a bigoted Unionist. On return, some *lazzaroni* (who are dissatisfied, apparently, with extent of my largesses), shout out, "*Viva* SALISBURY!" Awkward. Shan't look up baptismal register. Think I shall go on to Florence soon.

Fourth Day.—Florence? No. Naples for ever! My Neapolitan ancestry now beyond doubt. Visit from Municipal Deputation, assuring me that "the cause of Ireland is also the cause of Italy." Wish me to tell "Signor PARNELLI" so, when I see him, and to accept illuminated address which they bring with them, calling me "The Liberator of the Captive." Allusion to BOMBA, I suppose. Tell them in reply that Naples is the most beautiful city I ever saw, and its Municipality more enlightened than any in the world. Keep Syndic to lunch; tells me confidentially that "they've got an institution in Naples very like the Land League." Called "the *Camorra*." Don't encourage Syndic to go on in this strain. Evidently doesn't understand English politics much. Sitting up to write pamphlet which will astonish the Romans.

* * * * * *

Cut down cypresses for exercise. Walk to Capua. Rest. Still at pamphlet.

* * * * * *

SUITABLE SPOT FOR THE NEXT DRAUGHT MATCH.—The Law Courts.

DRURIOLANUS TRIUMPHANS.

En iterum DRURIOLANUS! "Here we are again," and better than ever! How can DRURIOLANUS beat his own record? The domain of Pantomime is co-extensive with the fertile realms of boundless imagination, and though there are only a few well-known themes of universal fame, yet the variations on them and the possibilities of combinations and permutations are well nigh infinite. A more splendid and in every sense a better Pantomime than *The Babes in the Wood* has not been seen for years at Drury Lane. The Toy Scene alone would well repay a visit, so full of fancy and humour is it. But for picturesqueness and splendour it is eclipsed by the Birds' Paradise, and for the fun of this scene there is Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS as *première danseuse*, and Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL as *Cupid* with a bow and arrow. In the bird scene, group succeeds group until the exclamations "How beautiful!" "How pretty!" "How exquisite!" "How graceful!" became wearisome by repetition, and one sits "in amazement lost" at the fertility of the design and the perfection of its execution. Then Madame KATTI LANNER comes smilingly forward, and curtseys her grateful acknowledgments, clearly intimating that, "By strict attention to business, she means to deserve the continued favour of the admiring public." When this clever lady has retired to the wing whence she directs the movements of her numerous pupils, the discriminating public insist on the Founder of the Feast presenting himself before them to receive their unanimous verdict of highest possible approval. Recognising the fitness of things, DRURIOLANUS is too old a bird to appear among the gorgeous Cockatoos, Golden Pheasants, Humming-birds, and the rest of the glittering feathered tribe, nor will he come in under KATTI LANNER'S wing,—the proscenium wing,—but waits for the change of scene to a Baronial Hall, and then he enters and bows, beaming, hopeful, and so far satisfied, as a man may well be who has done his very best to please his patrons; and then on we go again, with that Dog of LAURI'S—a poodle this time—full of amusing antics, with DAN LENO, capital as the Wicked Aunt, and VICTOR STEVENS severely humorous as the Wicked Uncle. The topics of the day are lightly touched upon, and "Mr. G." as a Wood-cutter, who is ready to make a speech without axe-ing, is recognised with mixed greetings.

Little Herbert Campbell as Cupid.
"Tell me, my heart,
Can this be Love?"

As for the ladies, they are all like the ladies of *Mr. Pickwick's* time in Ba-ath, where, as the mincing M.C. observed, "There was nobody old or ugly." All young and lovely, of course. Miss HARRIET VERNON "*semper viret*," as bold *Robin Hood* should be; Miss FLORENCE DYSART is never dysartened, except when away from *Robin Hood*; and, when she meets his glance, it is a case of Hood-winking her. Miss MAGGIE DUGGAN is sprightly beyond imaggienation; little ÆNEA, so "Æ-near, and yet so far," "Up above their heads so high, like a fairy in the fly"—and a whole bevy of smiling beauties, besides a lot of "sweet little mites" from KATTI LANNER'S Nursery Grounds, who must not be omitted from this mitey Kattilogue. The Ruffians are bold, resolute, and sanguinary, while the music, being killing, makes the work of SLAUGHTER complete.

Druriolanus gives *The Babes*, dear little Cissy Nicholls and sweet little Bertie an airing.
"He loves both wisely and too wheel!"

There is not a single scene which is not picturesque and effective. The Forest scenes by Messrs. PERKINS, KANTSKY, and CANEY—an uncanny or uncancy name for little school-boys to meet with in holiday time—are charming. The Palace of Games by JULIAN HICKS is splendid. Once more, "Bravo HICKS!" RYAN'S Paradise of Birds is brilliant, and EMDEN'S Transformation Scene is magnificent, and extending over the whole stage, cannot be spoken of as an 'Emmed-in Scene! (Oh!) At last HARRY PAYNE came on the stage with "Here we are again!" and he might have added, "Better late than never," as it was considerably past eleven. DRURIOLANUS will give the young ones who cannot stay at night a chance of seeing their favourite "comic business" at *Matinées*, when the harlequinade will be played first. But twenty visits to *The Babes*, the fun of which will be nightly developed by Messrs. NICHOLLS and CAMPBELL, will not exhaust the treasures and the pleasures of this great Pantomime, put together by the veteran E. L. BLANCHARD, the playwright, HARRY NICHOLLS the Joiner, and AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS TRIUMPHANS.

Excellent position for seeing the Stage obtained by our Multum-in-Parvo Artist on Boxing Night.

TO A THOUGHTFUL LADY.

[On her sending me, as an invalid, a year of months, weeks, and days on cards, inclosed in a handsome upstanding frame of burnished steel.]

ANOTHER Year! No, not a week
Of suffering! I declare it.
The gift at no one's hands I'd seek,
Unless were added the physique
Courageously to bear it.

And you have given me, fair dame,
A brand new year. You've bought it.
But you've been careful all the same
To add a strong and splendid frame
Of steel, which can support it.

DREAMS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The Czar of Russia.—A contented people and a solvent Exchequer.

The Emperor of Germany.—Self Government and the effacement of the BISMARCKS.

King of Italy.—A really united Italy and an invitation to the Vatican.

The Emperor of Austria.—A pleasant family gathering of husband, wife, and son.

The King of Spain.—A comfortable rocking-horse in a cheerful nursery.

President Carnot.—The final disappearance of General BOULANGER.

Prince von Bismarck.—A quiet time with a new and sensational young master.

M. le Baron de Lesseps.—The completion of the Panama Canal.

The Khedive of Egypt.—The capture of the MADHI and OSMAN DIGNA.

Lord Salisbury.—A prosperous ending to the Anglo-German Partnership.

Mr. W. H. Smith.—A run of luck at Monte Carlo, and a coronet in another place.

Mr. Balfour.—Peace and quiet in Ireland and the House of Commons.

Mr. Goschen.—A Budget that will be popular with everybody.

Lord Wantage.—A satisfactory substitute for Wimbledon.

Mr. Gladstone.—Furnished apartments in Downing Street.

Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt.—The reversion of the Leadership.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.—A Testimonial from the Members of the National Liberal Club.

Mr. Commissioner-of-Police Monro.—Intelligence in Scotland Yard.

The Lord Mayor.—A Knighthood, and the thanks of those who admire the "equestrian element."

The Hon. Artillery Company.—The return of the PRINCE and the DUKE without the Adjutant.

The Metropolitan Board of Works.—A costly Monument, erected by public subscription in its honour.

The Parnell Commissioners.—The end of their labours before 1890.

And the Public Generally.—A Happier Year than 1888.

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'ENNUIE.

(*Enter General and Mrs. Berington Smythe.*)

Mrs. Stodgbury (*Hostess*). "HOW DO YOU DO, DEAR? I'M SORRY TO SAY THE SPARKLEBY KNIGHTS HAVE DISAPPOINTED US AT THE LAST MOMENT—AND YET I *SPECIALLY* WROTE AND TOLD THEM THEY WERE GOING TO MEET YOU AND THE GENERAL!"

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

HEY presto! Time, the Thaumaturge,
Once more at his old occupation,
And posted at the morning's verge,
Essays his prestidigitation.
Hey presto! As he turns the glass,
The magic mists make rapid clearance,
And as the shadows part and pass,
The Young Year makes his first appearance.

His first *début* on any stage;
And few performers, it is certain,
At such a very early age
Await the lifting of the curtain.
From darkness shaping into light,
An inexperienced adolescent,
The Past in smoke-wreaths takes its flight,
And leaves him fronting the glad Present.

Glad? Well, to fresh unfrightened youth
The actual is ever gleesome.
The prick of pain, the sting of truth,
The ruthless sweep of sorrow's besom,
Are strange to him; but could he task
The memory of that Necromancer,
Not each gay question Youth might ask
Would have from Age a hopeful answer.

He will *not* ask; he too must live
And learn, and prove, and dare, and suffer.
Brave boyhood's buoyancy who 'd give
For sapience of the dull old buffer?
Wisdom 's a yoke, and Wit a joke,
And Power a vision swiftly flying;
These too shall end at last in smoke,
Like the Old Year in darkness dying.

Hey presto! Here 's the youngling Year,
Fresh from the tripod and the censer.
Before his face the shadows clear,
Behind his back the mists grow denser.
Bodings avaunt! A festal chaunt
Befits fresh friends at their first meeting;
Croakings the youngster shall not daunt,
We 'll hail him with a hopeful greeting.

Old Edax Rerum may devour,
But the old fellow still begetteth.
Sunrays still pierce the clouds that lour,
Summer still dries what Winter wetteth.
The watchers at a New Year's birth
Should not too tamely bow to sorrow,
But hail the boy with manly mirth,
And hopefully await the morrow.

TAKEN TO PIECES.

DEAR JACK,—I promised you when we said good-bye at old BIRCH'S to let you know how I was getting on in London. Fact is, I have been taking the Governor about a good deal. He 's been with me here, there, and everywhere. On Boxing-Day he went to two pantomimes, and I expected to have fairly tired him out. However, it seemed to do him good, and at Drury Lane he actually wanted to wait out the "afterpart" of the *Babes in the Wood*, but of course I could not quite stand that, so I took him off, and gave him a few oysters and a glass of stout in Maiden Lane where you can get such things to perfection. The Governor said it was a shame not to stop and see Mr. PAYNE, who was most amusing and always made him laugh when he got hold of the wrong end of the red-hot poker. But the Governor, although an excellent fellow in his way, is rather old-fashioned in his tastes, and doesn't move with the times as quickly as I do. See?

The very day I came home, I looked in at the German Reeds', where they have a first-rate entertainment. It is called *The Bo'sun's Mate*, and when I tell you that Mr. ALFRED GERMAN REED is the Mate, you may be sure there 's lots of fun in it. Miss FANNY HOLLAND (who the Governor declares grows younger with every "illustration") was also first-rate. Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, too, sang one of his capital songs, taking everybody off, and making us all roar. When I say he took "everybody" off, I don't mean he took *me* off! If he had, I don't think I should have laughed so much. See?

No more at present. Off to see HENGLER'S and IRVING'S *Macbeth*. Yours, BOB.

The Lady Macbeth Puzzle.

SOME say she was meant to be thin,
Some say she was meant to be fat;
Some say she was meant to be this,
Some say she was meant to be that.
But, whatever WILLIAM meant her to be,
She is, for the present, a Mys-Terree.

WHAT THE CLOWN DOESN'T WANT NOWADAYS.—"A magnificent opening."

TIME'S "ANNUAL!"

"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."

(*The Horse did, and this is the Result.*)

CHRISTMAS ON VIEW IN 1988.

(*Dictated by Prophetic Phonograph.*)

MY DEAR KING PUNCH,

YOUR Majesty having expressed a wish to learn how we spent our Christmas, I hasten to comply with your Royal desire. We decided to throw ourselves back a century, and in spite of our advanced civilisation, to follow as much as possible the rude habits of our semi-barbarian ancestors. In fact, your Majesty, we proposed living through the season as it was lived one hundred years ago—that is to say, in 1888.

Dispensing with our self-conveying post-bags, we employed some men (at an enormous expense, for nowadays everything, as you know, is done by thought-electricity)—to carry certain hideous pasteboards round to our sky palaces. These hideous pasteboards a century since were known as Christmas cards, and were remarkable for the most grotesque designs. Some of them seemed to have been intended to be amusing, for they displayed pictures of candles, old gloves, and tattered paper. We were able to secure quite an assortment for models, but, I am sorry to say, they did not please even the children, who you will remember, are better artists than RAPHAEL, COPE, R.A., and even that glorious light of the nineteenth century Professor Sir BALDWIN-LEIGHTON. Here I may note that contemporary records seem to suggest that Professor Sir BALDWIN-LEIGHTON was not only an artist but also a gentleman who used to drop from the clouds in a parachute.

Having examined our Christmas Cards (after trying hard to discover a cause for their use), we had breakfast, absolutely taking with our tea a mixture of milk and sugar, as if we were eating beef! It was then time to go to Church, and I need scarcely say we went, although it seemed rather senseless leaving our telephones idle, where we had only to sit before them, and listen to any sermon in the world without moving from our own fire-grass side! But our ancestors were wont to go to Church, and so did we. My aunt—my maiden aunt—insisted that the chief object of our visit should be to examine the bonnets of our neighbours. I fancy this is putting our earnestness a little low, but certainly our predecessors were fond of display.

Returning from Church, we had what used to be called a "children's early dinner," which I fancy in ages gone by must have been rather a ghastly affair. We had the baby brought down by a genuine old-fashioned nurse, and took it by turns to praise it after the olden fashion. The infant was much disgusted, having just taken a double First at Oxford. However by promising him a treatise upon mixed mathematics we kept him quiet.

After dinner we had a representation of what used to be called a Christmas Pantomime. Therein appeared a hideous monster with cheeks daubed with red, a feeble and corrupted old gentleman, a bold-faced hussy dancing about in the most idiotic fashion, and lastly, a lanky trifler wearing spangles! Then an ancient policeman was introduced, and the monster struck him across the knees with a seemingly red-hot poker! I was absolutely ashamed that such an exhibition should have been seen by my innocent children! However I am told that in "the good old times" (save the mark!) this brutal buffoonery used to be rewarded with great applause!

After this, we had what was called a "grown-up dinner," when all our relations gathered together to devour some underdone beef, and a fearfully indigestible comestible called "plum-pudding." A doctor, who was present, warned us to eat neither, saying that he would not answer for the consequences. However, my Uncle BOB persevered, and hasn't been the same man since—which some of his relatives say is rather an advantage than otherwise.

Now all this time we were feeling strange,—this kind of Christmas was so entirely unlike that to which we are now accustomed, when suddenly Aunt MARIA accused Cousin WHITECHAPEL of having unduly influenced Uncle JEREMIAH in the making of his will. In a moment we all were talking in the angriest tones conceivable. Brothers abused sisters, fathers mothers, and children parents. We nearly came to blows. Suddenly I remembered reading of a similar incident in 1888. I held up my hand for silence, and, having secured it, delivered the following speech:—

"My good friends," said I, "we made up our minds to go back a hundred years to live amongst our ancestors. It has been a failure. I don't think they *could* have liked in their heart of hearts the sort of Christmas cards, pantomime and dinners that we have seen to-day. If they did, I think they must have managed these things better than we can. But there is one institution that has come down to us that is not affected by the age. We are just as good as our forefathers were in carrying out a fine say-what-you-like do-what-you-like jolly old Christmas family row!"

I am, with the greatest possible respect, the slave of your Majesty,

(*Signed*) BROMPTON, DUKE OF ISLINGTON.

Lightning Gardens, The Clouds, N., December 30, 1988.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Blind Man. "NOW THEN, *SIR!*—LOOK WHERE YOU 'RE GOING TO!"

Jones. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MY GOOD FELLOW—THIS BEASTLY FOG—COULDN'T SEE YOU—LOST MY WAY—DON'T KNOW WHERE THE DICKENS I AM!"

Blind Man. "*FOG.* IS THERE? AH—JUST YOU TAKE HOLD O' MY ARM, AND TELL ME WHERE YOU LIVE, AND *I'LL* SEE YOU SAFE HOME. FOG MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME!"

TWO LITTLE (MRS. JOHN) WOODEN SHOES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

UNCLE SECUNDUS and me and Granny took BOBBY and SIBYL to see *Goody Two Shoes*, at the Court Theatre, on Boxing Day. We should of taken MABLE too, but she is going to act in the Pantomine at the Vicar's, so of course she was obliged to go and rehearse the *Queen's Maries* instead. The Play was very pretty, but I think there is too much sermonising in it for the holidays. But first I must tell you about the muel, which was very amusing, and his rains kep getting in the way; and a man behind the scenes, who we couldn't see, said quite loud, it would trip you up; so the muel left off pawring the rains, and put them over his head, and Granny said it put her quite in a fever. But first I must tell you about BOBBY calling out quite loud, "Here's the blackbird!" It wasn't a blackbird, but a raven—not a real raven, of course, but an artificial raven, made out of a boy, with wings, and a false head. He was called *Jack Jumps*, but his real name was CHARLES GROVES, Jun. I got read, becos I thought Uncle SECUNDUS would be ashamed; but he kep BOBBY on his knee, and laughed quite as much as he did. Granny said *Goody Two Shoes* was a perfec little angel; but of course Granny doesn't go much to theatres now, but certainly she is a very nice little girl.

But first, I must tell you about *Graspall*, a wicked overseer, such a rum little chap who acked well, something like *Ralph Rackstraw*, and something like *Gaspard*. But best of all I think I liked *Miss Flimsy*, Queen of the Land of Leisure. This was capatilly acked by a little girl called GEORGIE MARTIN, but I forgot *Molly*, the Rude Child of Nature, who was Miss CELIA TUCKER, and I think she must of been *Graspall's* sister, becos he is called *Tommy Tucker* in the *menu*. There was a lot of Fairies, and the scenery was very nice. I liked the Fairy *ballet*, and *Goody Two Shoes* danced beautifully. Her name is DOT HETHERINGTON. SIBYL said she would like to of kissed her, but SIBYL is only a child and a girl. Certainly I shall recommend *Goody Two Shoes* to the other fellows.

Your affectionate friend, TOMMY.

P.S.—It was an artificial Muel, as well. F. KITCHEN acked inside it. So was the Cat.

THE REAL COMIC BUSINESS AFTER THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE.—Finding your carriage or securing a hansom.

A QUESTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

[The Rev. GEORGE W. MCCREE, who has been a Christian worker in London since 1848, writing to the *Daily News*, asks the question, "Is London growing Better?" and answers it in the affirmative, giving his reasons for doing so.]

Is London growing Better? Question strange
To meet us thus at the New Year's beginning!
Have Science, Love, Religion, the whole range
Of bettering influences indeed been winning?
Have forty years of urgent effort wrought
Some palpable redemption from old evils?
Has Wisdom slain some fiends with which it fought?
And are men more of men and less of devils?
Aye, says the ardent worker, champion stout
Of all good causes, all remedial measures.
Gladly the heart shakes off some clinging doubt,
And the divine's calm optimism treasures.
Yes, streets are cleaner; cleaner is the speech
Of those who walk them, as their hands are cleaner.
The "tub" has done its work; more cheaply each,
Who cares, of knowledge may become a gleaner.
Halfpenny 'bus fares, penny books no doubt
Have had their influence on our throngs of toilers;
The brute in man is somewhat bound about
By wholesome law; the tempters and the spoilers
Find eyes upon them in their darksome lair,
And there is less necessity for yielding
To slow corruption or to swift despair,
When agencies abound for help and shielding.
Yes, brave MCCREE, *Punch* reads your record o'er
With acquiescence and with admiration;
There *is* more sympathy 'twixt rich and poor,
And we are less a horde, and more a nation;
Philanthropy is now much more alert,
And modish Vice less vauntingly victorious,
Than in the old bad days of crime and dirt.
The conquest, though but half-achieved, is glorious.

And yet, and yet, amidst the New Year Chimes,
Recur remembrances less glad and cheering.
The Sweater's greed and the Slum-farmer's crimes
Abide with us; *is* their extinction nearing?
Fights and foul language? Read the penny Press!
It spreads the knowledge of such things 'midst others.
Worn waifs still starve in London's strain and stress,
Although 'tis freely owned all men are brothers.
Red crime roves undetected, and men gloat
Upon its records crude with zest unholy.
Ribaldry roars from the street-ruffian's throat,
And childhood's life is bondage melancholy.
The devilries of Drink are rampant yet,
The revelries of Lust leave wreck behind them,
And eyes of ruined women still are wet
With the hot, helpless, hopeless tears that blind them.
Much has been done; how much remains to do!
Yes, life in London may be sweeter, purer;
Vice flaunts less barely in the public view,
Comfort abounds, our highways securer.
But People's Palaces and penny books,
Board Schools, Blue Ribbon Armies, Children's Dinners,
Scarce touch the horrors of the Town's foul nooks.
The nameless woes of greed-enslaved bread-winners,
Mammon's cheap tools worn blunt, and cast aside,
From Bands of Hope get scant alleviation,
Nor will the pleasures of the halfpenny ride
Gladden the hapless victims of starvation.
Forty years' toil in London gives a claim,
My good MCCREE, to reverent attention,
But there are floods of ill and swamps of shame
In Babylon still that need the intervention
Of larger wisdom, strength of wider scope. [ringing
With the New Year whose chimes e'en now are
Dawns a new day from which wise watchers hope
The rise of better things. What is it bringing,
This large reform with whose initial stir
London shall soon from end to end be quickened?
Will it wake Hope? Shall the blue eyes of her
Cheer hearts whom Babylon's shame so long hath sickened?
Come, County Councillors, men of England come,
Stint mutual charge, snap every party fetter,
Toil for our helots in their misery dumb,
And our huge London shall indeed grow better!

SUGGESTIONS TO AN EDITOR.

SIR,—The idea recently started in your columns of relieving the dulness of the average English home by "Music at Home" is a noble one, as all your ideas are. It is, moreover, capable of infinite extension. There are thousands of deserving organ-grinders at this moment earning a precarious existence in the streets of our Metropolis, whose solacing strains would surely be welcome to sufferers from various kinds of nervous disorders. In certain cases of paralysis and failure of muscular action, what would be more likely to rouse the invalid to instant and vigorous movement, and to call all his energies into play, than the repetition for the hundred and twentieth time of our great classic airs, "*Two Lovely Black Eyes*," or "*Queen of my Heart*"? While no home could possibly be called dull where these lively tunes were in constant course of performance by the patient and indefatigable executant.

I trust, Sir, that you will throw open your columns to receive subscriptions for providing all sufferers of the classes I have named with immediate attendance from a chronic organ-grinder or German band. Any case of *ennui*, however slight, should entitle the victim to receive instant treatment. To show that my heart is in this noble cause, I inclose you a cheque for one hundred guineas, and this is not the only sacrifice I am making on behalf of this great movement, inasmuch as, when all the organ-grinders are removed to their new sphere of employment, I shall miss the constant exhilaration of their presence in the square beneath, so helpful to me in the completion of my great work, *The Key to all the Mythologies*, the twenty-seventh volume of which is now in course of publication.—Yours, &c.,

39, *Muffin Bell Square*. EDWARD CASAUBON.

P.S.—If your columns are not engaged next Summer for the discussion of a more important topic, will you allow me to suggest that the "Solar Myths" would prove an interesting successor to, "Is Marriage a Failure?"

THOUGHTS

ON GAZING AT A COOK'S TOURIST TICKET. (BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.)

How many times
Must I, who was so obviously planned
To boss, and thus to bless, my native land,
Scuttle to other climes?

Again, and ever yet again I come—
Whitewashed by time, by hope, by exile—home,
Deeply resolved to play a game discreet,
Sober as BACON, though with beans replete;
And then what happens? Scarce do I begin
To show the nobler mood that I am in—
To prove myself a man misunderstood,
Who, sternly great, can yet be sweetly good,
Than all is lost once more! The imp in me,
Seizing the very opportunity
That should my loftier attributes display,
Rises to make hay!

Hay will he make, the imp in me, of all
My vows as home-returning Prodigal,
My penitential oaths henceforth to be
A Chesterfield of wise humility,
My prudent resolutions to forgive
And evermore in gentilesse to live. [a glance
One glimpse of ST-NH-PE—(wizen youth!)—
At G-SCH-N's testudinean countenance;
SNELGROVE to meet; only to be awhile
Involved in MARSHALL'S cat-of-Cheshire smile,
And all my store of resolutions sage
Is fired by mischief and explodes in rage.

And is it to be ever thus? Am I,
In the full manhood and maturity
Of genius vast, ever to be foredone
By that survival in my mother's son,
Her most outrageous Pickle of a boy?
So must I fear: and, therefore, farewell joy!
No more for me the exquisite delight
Of flooring Dignities to left and right;
Bigwigs from place no longer meekly go,
Obedient to my indicative toe;
And while my wooing 's vain, 'tis vainer yet
To kick my way into the Cabinet.
Thrice have I played the terrorising game,
Twice have I bolted in excess of shame;
And now a fresh *fiasco* bids me fly
Far from that terror to me, the mocking eye.
Just one more kick at parting, and I pack;
And when I do—ay, when I do come back,
This gang of goitered idiots shall see
What comes of sniggering o'er the wall at Me! [to say?
But softly! *Shall* I go? Why, who 's
As soon as I am well upon my way,
Some bloody news from Black Land yet may come
To make me curse the hour I turned from home.
Go? That I will not; far too good the chance
Bestowed on me by timely circumstance.
I will remain! And why I do not go,
Let GR-NF-LL stumble and the gang shall know!
From thy resounding halls, my Paddington,
Such lava-floods of righteous ire shall run,
That Greenlands smug, that Hatfield's loathly sties,
Shall scorch at the reflection in the skies!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHAT is against Mr. FARJEON'S clever story of *Devlin the Barber*, is its grotesque title, and its burlesque frontispiece representing the Mephistophelian hero of the tale. It seems a mistake to have given *Devlin* such a theatrically diabolic make-up, but, on the other hand, the novelist must have chuckled over the artful manner in which he has misled his readers as to the real character of the man. The plot is simple, but it is quite a *boîte à surprise*, and *Devlin the Barber* is——, well, you 'll see. Read it.

Exhibiting a Strong Grasp of the Subject.

There is a good short article on *Pickwick* in the December number of the *Cornhill*, illustrating the hap-hazardiness of genius in the matter of details. *Pickwick* was started with no idea in the author's mind except of writing up to SEYMOUR'S illustrations; the story grew; the Pickwick Club practically ceased to exist after the "BILL STUMPS his mark" incident, and the Pickwickians went on a roving commission, with powers to add to their number such characters as the author chose to introduce them to. Contradictions and irreconcilable difficulties are of frequent occurrence, and yet what did it matter to the first readers, and what does it matter to us now, except as one more among the many conclusive proofs that genius—writing *currente calamo*—is above rules. *Pickwick* is immortal.

Excellent in illustration, and interesting in matter, is the Double Number for Christmas of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, especially the article on *Macbeth*, anent its revival at the Lyceum.

There is rather a De Quincey-ish article in the *Fortnightly* by OSCAR WILDE on WAINEWRIGHT, the penman, pencilman, and poisoner. When I say De Quincey-like, I mean that it reminds me of that *bizarre* "Essay on Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," which, with another on a certain historical character, I wish the Opium-eater had never written. Yet there is a weird fascination about DE QUINCEY'S cynicism as there is about THACKERAY'S detestable *Catherine*. O. W.'s article is "not too De Quincey-ish, but just De Quincey-ish enough." In the same magazine EDMUND GOSSE gives a fair enough literary criticism of IBSEN'S Social Dramas, but wisely does not attempt to treat them from an English practical dramatist's point of view. As we have them, not one could be placed in its entirety on the stage without wearying an audience, and I fancy not more than two would repay the trouble. Of these two *The Pillars of Society* would be one, and powerful writing (beyond mere adaptation), ingenious stage-management and rare acting would be required to make it a success. As long as IBSEN'S Dramas are not placed on the English stage, they will be enthusiastically praised by a certain *clique*, who flatter themselves on knowing a great deal of everything, especially the drama. To a Manager I should say, "Trust them not, they 're fooling thee. Beware! beware!

THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

THE MOAN OF THE MONSTROSITY.

[The Islington Vestry wants to put down the public exhibitions of "giants, dwarfs, and abnormally fat women."]

PITY a poor Monstrosity! Hope 's gone,
If on our trade the Vestry works its will.
What once was known as "Merry Islington,"
Is down upon us! 'Tis a bitter pill!
Giants and dwarfs, fat women and the rest,
Till now could earn a pittance—in a Show.
But, if they treat us as a public pest,
What shall we do, wherever shall we go?
Inimical to public morals? Gracious!
We never looked upon ourselves as such.
'Tis true our pictures are not *quite* veracious,
But then a penny is not very much.
We never knew the Public was a sinner
Because its coppers to our Show 'twould give;
And then a dwarf, though small, requires some dinner,
And e'en a Living Skeleton must live.
Think of it, Vestrydom! Your high pomposity
O'erlooks the piteous fate we now must dread.
If BUMBLE had been born a poor Monstrosity,
How, how would *he* have earned his daily bread?

"THE MAYER THE MERRIER" at this festive season is M. MAYER, who has revived that very comic piece, *Tricoche et Cacolet*, at the Royalty. M. MAYER has rightly Cacolated upon its success.

A GENUINE BEAR-BACKED STEED.—The horse that carries Bruin round the Circus at Covent Garden.

THE "LOCK OUT" AT THE LYCEUM.—The omission of LOCK'S music to *Macbeth*.

JODRELL THEATRE.—PATTI ROSA only a "*Bob!*," and yet she is a little dear!

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[EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIALS.]

THROAT IRRITATION AND HOARSENESS.

453, Brixton Road, S.W.
November 9th, 1887.

Gentlemen,—I have tried the Soden Mineral Pastilles in a case of Chronic Catarrh of the pharynx and larger respiratory tubes in an old lady with much benefit. I have also ordered them at the Brixton Dispensary.
I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,
T. PRESTON LEWIS, M.D., M.R.C.S.

4, Lnigate Circus Buildings, London,
December 31st, 1887.

Dear Sir,—As one who has undergone the operation of tracheotomy, allow me to bear testimony to the value of the Soden Mineral Pastilles, as they have given me wonderful relief. My advice, as one who has suffered with the throat a great deal, to those in any way so affected, is to give them a trial without delay.
Yours truly, J. HILL.

From the Right Rev. BISHOP RICHARDSON.
I have tried the Soden Mineral Pastilles which you have sent me, and find them excellent. Most clergymen would find their pulpit work aided by the use of your lozenges, which clear the voice most remarkably.
December 20th, 1887.

BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.

7, Lilybank Gardens, Hill Head, Glasgow.
Dear Sir,—I have used the box of Soden Pastilles you sent me some time ago, and am favourably impressed with the result. The case was one of Chronic Bronchitis in an aged patient. There was a marked effect in assisting the solution of the cough expectoration. They seem also to have a generally tonic effect, my patient remarking on the assistance to digestion which they afforded. Yours truly, (Signed) ALEX. FRAW.

Rose Cottage, Stathern, Melton Mowbray.
Gentlemen,—Your lozenges I received when I was suffering from Influenza, Bronchitis, and Asthma, and I have great pleasure in testifying of their great efficacy in the alleviation and removal of these troublesome affections. I shall have much pleasure in recommending them to my professional friends, as I have never had anything to relieve me so quickly. Yours faithfully, (Signed) F. CLARK, Surgeon, &c.,
Jan. 18th, 1888. M.R.C.S., L.S.A., London.

Denby House, Bushey Park, Bristol,
March 3rd, 1888.

Proprietors of the Soden Pastilles.
Sir,—I have derived benefit from these Pastilles in the case of a severe attack of Bronchitis, and declare that I have never found such benefit from using only three boxes in any other lozenge that I have tried. Your very grateful servant,
(Signed) HY. ONBORNE.

COUGHS AND DIPHTHERIA.

Miss CURTIS, daughter of Sir Louise Curtis, Bart., writes:—The Soden Mineral Pastilles are first-rate for coughs. I have derived immense benefit since taking them, and my cough is nearly well. Please send me another box.
November 28th, 1887. F. L. CURTIS.

Edwyn Ralph Rectory,
Bromyard, Worcester.
Dear Sirs,—I have used with the greatest success the Soden Mineral Pastilles. My little boy, aged six and a half years, suffers much from swollen tonsils, which occasionally give rise to a most distressing cough, which is very exhausting. I found that your Pastilles gave him instantaneous relief. I am, faithfully yours,
(Signed) E. L. CHILDE-FREEMAN.
December 24th, 1887.

Abercairny, Crieff, N.B.
January 30th, 1888.
Dear Sir,—I have had four years' suffering from bronchial affection with troublesome cough, and from what I have already experienced of the box which I had a week ago, I have a great idea that I shall benefit very much from them.
Yours truly,
(Signed) F. HARDIE.

CATARRHS OF THE LUNGS AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

8, Weatherby Gardens, South Kensington,
March 22nd, 1888.

LORD KRANE has taken the Soden Mineral Pastilles when suffering from Catarrh of the Stomach. They completely cured him, and he can recommend them as the best Lozenge for Coughs, Bronchitis, and Catarrh of the Stomach.

18, Iron Market, Newcastle Staff.,
December 20th, 1887.

Gentlemen,—My lungs being affected, and being under Dr. Hatton, he asked me to try some of your Pastilles which I have done, and am pleased to inform you that I have found great relief from the few I have taken.
Yours respectfully,
(Signed) JOHN MERNEY.

19, Hampton Street, Birmingham,
March 20th, 1888.

Gentlemen,—Having purchased your Soden Pastilles, I at once obtained relief from a very serious catarrh. I also gave part of one dissolved in water to my child, three months old, allaying a very troublesome cough, and giving it ease and comfort. I shall most strongly recommend them to all my friends. Yours very faithfully,
(Signed) J. C. WHATELEY, D.D.S.

[EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIALS.]

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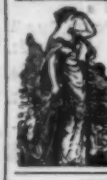

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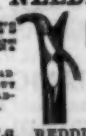

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